

Title: Vision Log

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The vision began in
Moonglow. I stood facing
the Archmage Graypawn.

We were on top of what
I recognized as his
tower.

We began to do battle,
and as he began to cast
one of his overly
intricate Archmage spells,
Edda appeared behind him,
covered his mouth, and
delivered a crippling blow
to his spine, rendering
him paralyzed from the
neck down. I quickly
opened a moongate to the
top of Charnell Hill,
where he would not be
able to feed off the
power of his island. We
dragged him through,
removed his clothing, and
chained him to one of
the pillars atop the hill.
I calmly explained to him
that it was here that he
would meet oblivion, but
that he would have to
wait. First he would be
made to endure torture
more horrifying than
anything he had
experienced in his long
years. All of this was
strangely calm. Edda and
I proceeded with in an
unemotional manner,
hearts cold as the death
knights'. She used her
graceful knife skills to
carve runes into his body,
and I informed him that
he would soon be fed
upon by the vermin of
Umbra. We at first

produced several rats from our pockets, and made them sniff and nibble at his flesh. As time went on, more rats were made to come join the feast, at first from the woods, then from cracks in the rocks of Charnell Hill, and eventually they began falling from the sky and swarming up the hill. Graycastn cried out in pain as they scratched and gnawed at him, tearing at his eyes and leaving their feces in his mouth. After a while, I walked up to him and whispered some incantations, and his flesh began to burn and boil as flames sprung from the ground around him. He was made to suffer both the ravenous hunger of the rats and the melting of his flesh many times over, until his spirit was utterly crushed and beyond repair. After our final act of illusionary torture, Edda calmly handed me her blade, and I thrust it into his chest, proceeding to tear out his heart. He soon succumbed to the peaceful embrace of Oblivion. I was not surprised by the images that were produced, but it was intriguing that both Edda and I were purely mechanical in our efforts, showing no sign of the passions or emotions.